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October 1877

# A HIGHLAND STORY:

COMPRISING

INCIDENTS RELATING TO  
THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE,

AND

THE PLAGUE IN CALLART HOUSE.

BY

JOHN CAMERON,

*Bard to the Ossianic Society.*

"Thuit a chlarsach as a lãimh,  
A 's dh'innich ams an dân a h-anam."  
—OSSIAN.

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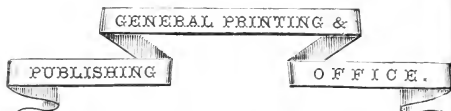
SECOND EDITION.

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GLASGOW:  
WILLIAM GILCHRIST, PRINTER, 64 HOWARD STREET.  
MDCCCLXXVI.







62 ARGYLE STREET,

Glasgow, Sept 19

1871

Dear Sir,

I have managed to procure from my friend Mr. Gilchrist, printer, two or three copies of the Highland Story you want - and which I have much pleasure in forwarding - They were printed for private circulation so don't expect of paying for them - Got them for nothing

Hoping you are



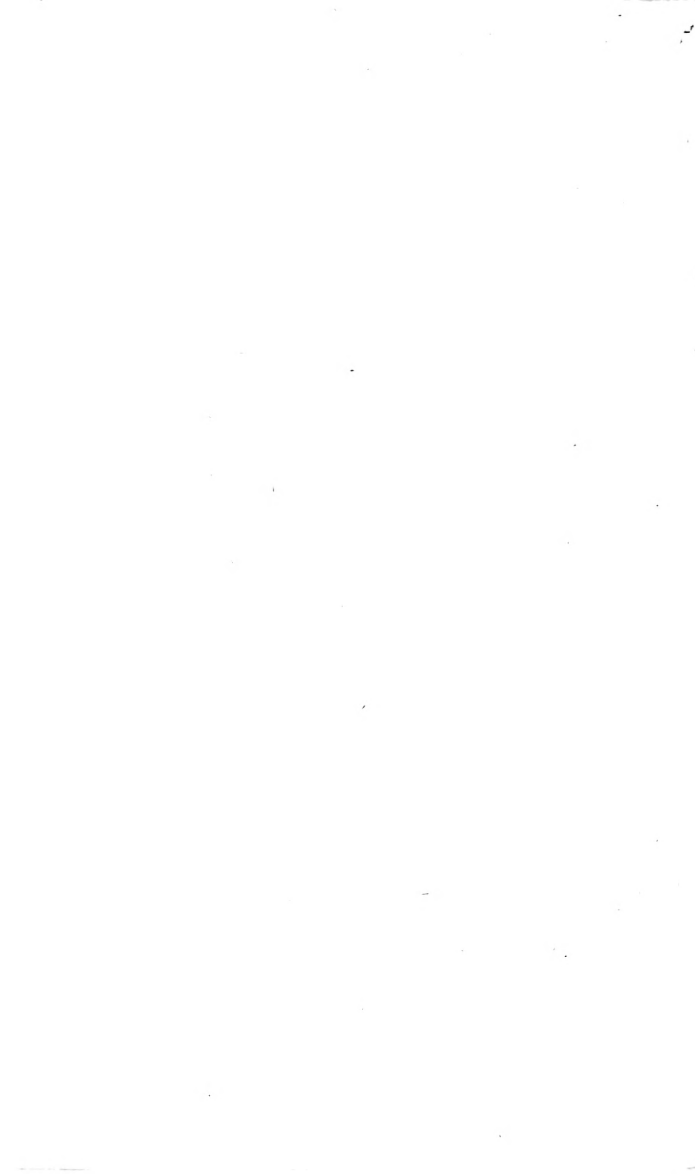
well and with a ceud  
mile fàithe,

Is mi òhr seirtheiseach  
mhàl, an là a chi-saach  
fhaic

Gilleasbuig Mac-na-Còirde

---

J. F. Campbell Esq  
Inverness



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DO'N OLLA IOMRAIDEACH,  
IAIN STIÙBHARD BLACKIE,

*Uile-foghlum na Gréigis ann an Oil-thùgh Dhùnéidean,*

Tha an Dàn a leanas air ainmeachadh,

GU H-URRAMACH AGUS GU H-UMHAIL,

LEIS AN DEALBHADAIR.

#### NOTE.

A Reprint of this Story was much asked for. The Author hopes that the orthography of the Gaelic will please the general reader.

# A HIGHLAND STORY.

## BOOK I.

### ARGUMENT.

AN old soldier, travelling towards Duror, in Appin, is benighted, and overtaken by a snow-storm. He laments that he escaped the horrors of war, and having now the prospects of dying ignominiously by the inclemency of the weather.—He sees a light through the dusky storm, takes courage, and goes to the house.—He is saluted and welcomed in.—Blesses the house and household, according to an ancient custom.—A dialogue ensues.—He is discovered to be one of the soldiers concerned in the massacre of Glencoe. The goodman being a survivor of the same, threatens the life of the traveller.—The old man affirmed that he was not of the clan Campbell, neither did he shed a drop of the blood of his host's kindred.—And begins to tell him how he came to serve under Argyle, by relating the story of Mary of Callart.

Bu dorch a 'n oidhche gheamhraidh fluair,  
'S an t-Earraghàclach air chuairt na dì :  
A chaill a mhiseach 'm measg nam blàr,  
A neart 's a làithean dh'fhàg san strì.  
Ri Leitir-Shiùma chuir e 'chùl,  
E'n dùil bhi 'n Dùra roimh dhu-tràth ;  
Ach shéid a' ghaillinn air á tuath,  
A's dh'aom du'-ghruaim air aghaidh 'n àird.  
Tha Baile-nan-Gobhann<sup>1</sup> 'm measg nan tonn,  
'S a chreagan lom fo chobhar bàn ;  
Tha earradh 's gile na do 'n cheò,  
A nis 'ga chòmhdaich air gach làmh.

## THE OLD SOLDIER'S COMPLAINT.

"O Airdghobhar ! nach mòr do ghàir !  
 Ge geal do ghailliom 's dubh do ghruaim ;  
 Mo bheath' chaidh as bho thorunn bhàr.  
 An tuit fo d' ghaithean geur gun chruaidh !  
 Is gruamaich' so na 'n oidheche chian.  
 'Nuair chaisgreadh Mac-'Ie-Iain mòr ;"  
 'S a shluagh a mhortadh air bheag bàigh .  
 Cha diol ar bàs an luchd a th' oirm.  
 Ciod nì' nach d'aom fo làmh an tréin,  
 'S cho lintha beann a bhac mo lann ;  
 A roghuinn air bhi 'n so gun treòir.  
 Mar iomall eò an cois nam beann ?  
 Bu tric iad 'tuiteam air gach taobh,  
 Ged dh'fhàgadh mis' mar chraoibh leath' féin ;  
 Ach shearg a freumhan, sheac a bàrr,  
 A's dh'aom fadheòigh i trasd air féith.  
 Ach chi mi reul troinmh 'n ghaillim duinn,  
 Ma's reul na teine tuinn a th' ann ;  
 Na còmhnuidh caraid an fhir-chuairt.  
 Nach biodh fo ghruaim ged bhithinn ann.  
 Nis éiridh mi le lùs mo làmh,  
 Cha chaoim an leaba-bhàis an lom ;  
 Gun teach gun tuar, gun dàimh a' m' chòir."  
 ('S a ghnàis an deòir fo aomadh eom.)  
 Nis, thigeadh trian do m' threòir air 'ai .  
 'S do earr mo ré mo bhata nì ;  
 'S i 'n reul a chà mi Dail-na-triùid.  
 An uidhe 's gearr ge gabhaidh i."  
 Bha craobh a's craobh a' gabhail seach.  
 Fo dhuilleach breac do shneachda tlà ;  
 Tha gàirich Tràide nis gu 'chmais,  
 'S ge garbh a fuaim rinn e rith' bàigh.  
 Tha combart coin a' cur air fàilt.  
 'S cha doicheall e do'n fhàrdaich fhial ;  
 Tha 'chòmhla fosgladh gu luath.



GOODMAN.

“Cò so tha fo ghruaim nan sian ?”

OLD SOLDIER.

“Suarach sin, a rìgh na fialachd,  
'S bu bheag a b'fhiach geò bhithinn ann;  
Oir sguir mò stàth bho'n thréig mò threòir:  
A's crìoch mò lùthean 's gearr gu'n ceann.”

GOODMAN.

“Cha'n aite sin a chaidh do chor,  
Ach thig a-stigh a's pàirtich leinn;  
'S a rithis chunnidh sinn do sgeul,—  
Oir sgeul nan treun is ait le 'n cloinn.”

THE OLD MAN BLESSES THE HOUSE AND FAMILY.

“O! beannachadh 'bhi do'n fhàrdaich fhial,  
Biodh beannachd Dhia air na bheil ann;  
Biodh òige 's aois faraon fo'n chleith,  
A's meadhan aois 'nar measg gach àm:  
Biodh cùram càirdeil Rìgh nan sluagh,  
A' bacadh torrann cruaidh nan sian:  
'S a' riaghladh dealanaich nan speur,  
Bho 'ghaithean beir biodh E 'g ar dìon:  
Biodh carrach 'teachd gu cur a'm fonn,  
Biodh fàs air lom fo thuil a' Mhàigh:  
Biodh àm gu lìonadh, àm gu buain,  
Sluagh gu cròthadh, buain a's bàrr:  
Biodh pailteas anns an fhàrdaich àit,  
Gu fuasgladh air luchd aire a ghmàth,  
'S biodh gean air anam an fhir-aosd',  
'Nuair shìneas e do'n a'g a làmh.”<sup>3</sup>

GOODMAN.

“Ceud fáilt ort féin, a mhic na h-aois :  
 ‘S ma dh’fhaodar comhfhurtaíochd ‘thoirt duit :  
 An fhárlach nach d’fhág aerach riamh.  
 Bidh faoilidh, fiailidh a nis riut :  
 Oir’s amhluidh ‘chleachd mo shimsrean féin,  
 Ged’s ole a dh’éirich dhaibh ‘na dhuais :  
 An naimhdean altrun fo riochd síth,  
 ‘S e dh’fhág gun charaíod mi san uair.”

OLD MAN.

“A rígh ! nach tachair ní aig àm,  
 Nach ‘eil ‘s gach àm co-ionann ris :  
 Ach ‘s hionnhoir’ iochdair a gheibh duais,  
 Na duine cruaidh ‘gheibh sonas leis.”

GOODMAN.

“Cia as dhuibh féin a dhuine choir ?  
 Cia anns na chaith sibh glòir ‘ur là ?  
 Air chinnt ged tha sibh ‘n nochd gun fheum,  
 Gur h-ioma beum a bhuit ‘ur lámh.”

OLD MAN.

“Mo láithean féin, a thréig mar cheò,  
 ‘S a chaochail i mar sgleò mo ré :  
 Is ioma tír san robh mo chuairt,  
 ‘S bu tric mo chruaidh a’ tilleadh bheum :  
 Ach ged nach do thoill mi cliù nan treun,  
 Is tric a dh’fheum mi bhí ‘nam measg :  
 Bha mi o m’ óige ‘m feachd an rígh,  
 Ged tha mi ‘n diugh gun mhiagh gun mheas.”

GOODMAN.

“Ach ciod a’ bhuidheann san robh thu ?  
 ‘N do choisinn i mór cliù do’n tír ?

O! b'ole an airidh e, an eù,<sup>4</sup>  
Air bhì 'na dhiùc no bhì 'na rìgh."

OLD MAN.

"San aon-thar fhichead thuit mo chram."

GOODMAN.

"San aon-thar-fhichead ? 'N ann gu dearbh ?  
A mhurtair ! thàinig thu gu m' làmh ;  
'S ma's beath' no bàs dhuit bidh e searbh.  
Thug Dia a' cheartais thu gu 'so,  
'S ged leig E leat san ole bhì beò ;  
Bhà gaoir nam beòthaibh 's fuil nam marbh,  
Ag éigheach ris gach là le deòir,  
Ach lann cha salaich mi le d'fhuil,  
'S cha toir mi m'fhialachd gu tur uait ;  
Oir 'n Tì a thug thu 'n nochd gu m' làmh,  
Bheir E san dhuit gu saibhir duais."

OLD MAN.

"Cìod e do chainnt nì'n tuigean féin,  
Mur Comhunnach an treun-fhear fial ;  
B'e cuid do m' àmhghar bhì 'm measg shuaigh,  
'N cridhe bhì cho cruaidh 's an gnìomh,  
Ach chumna' mise crìoch an dream,  
A bh'ann sa' Ghleann's a rinn an gnìomh ;  
'S bu shona 'n neach dhiùbh a fhuair bàs,  
Mu 'm fac e anns na bàrdaibh grian.  
Oir chuireadh sinn an déigh a' mhuirt,  
A null thar muir do thìr na Fraing' ;  
'S air feadh na Mòr Ròim teth a's fuar,  
A' fulang cruaidh-chàs air gach làmh ;  
Ach 's aotrom 'chuireadh sin gu léir,  
Leò-san d'an do thuit bhì saor :—

Bho sgál nan leònt 's bho roc a' bhàis,  
 Nì 'lean gu crìch an là gach aon.  
 Lean dreach an aosd' a ghnàth mu'n eairt,  
 'S a sgál 'nan cluais fo lot a' bhàis ;  
 A's dreach an tréin 'chaidh 'mhurt sa' chùil,  
 'Nuair dhlùthaich iad air as gach aird :  
 A's dreach na Baintighearna os ceann,  
 A Tighearna 'chaidh mhurt r'a taobh :  
 'Nuair reub Gleann-Liobhann a h-carradh dhìth,  
 Gun suim d'a h-inbhe na d'a h-aois,  
 A Chombunnaich, na saoil a nìs,  
 Ged tha mi fiosrach amas gach cùis,  
 Gun d'dhòirt mi braon do dh'fhuil nan treun."6

## GOODMAN.

" Na gabh gu h-òle ged dhearbh mi thu,  
 'S ged ramsaicheam mu chùisean dìot :  
 Oir tha mi enduhor mun mo shluagh,  
 'S an cor gach uair tha dlù do m' chrì—  
 Cìod i do dhùthaich a's do shluagh ?  
 Is Earraghàclach do shluadh 's do chainnt : "

## OLD MAN.

" Is ceart do bharail mun mo dhéigh'n,  
 San dream sin féin a thuit mo chrann."

## GOODMAN.

" Ma ta, na's miosa cha 'n 'eil ann :  
 A Caimbeulach cha'n earbainn iochd :  
 Cha chreidinn fìrinn 'thigh'n o'm beul,  
 Oir 's ann san euceoir 'ghléidh iad meas,  
 Air muin nam fann b'e 'n clachdadh riamh,  
 Ag iarraidh riaghlaidh 'ghnàth am beus :  
 'S a' cladhaich foill' na os an ceann,  
 'S an cridheachan cho càim 's am beul."

## OLD MAN.

“Cha 'n fhaodar 'aiceadh cuid do d' chaimnt,  
 Bha Caimbeulaich do ghnàth ri strì ;  
 Ach nach bu choi meas Dòmhn'laich dhaibh,  
 Nach gèilleadh dhaibh a'm fearg na'n sìth ?”

## GOODMAN.

“Cha ghéilleadh, 's nach b'è sin an cliù  
 Gun tug iad dùbhlán d'an luchd fuath ?  
 Cho fhad 's a sheas 'd air lóm an fhraoich,  
 Bu lag na Gúmhuich, b'fhaoin an cruaidh.  
 Bu tuineadh 'n Gleann do m'shinnsrean féin,  
 Ceann-midhe e nan treun 's nam bàrd :  
 Bho'n liubhair Oisein' ann an deò—  
 An talla còrr nan sgiath 's nan clàr.  
 'S bu fionnhor treun-fhear anns a' Ghleann,  
 'S cha b'fham an lùmh 'an cùis an rìgh,  
 Ged sheilich Uilleam binn cho cruaidh,  
 A'n aghaidh shuaigh bha beò a'n sìth,  
 Cha b'ìoghmadh iad bhi rag gu ùmhlaich  
 "Thoir do rìgh cho brùideil ris ;  
 Oir nochd a ghnìomh féin fadheòigh,  
 Nach ann le còir a lùbte leis :  
 'S ged thug na Caimbeulaich dhuinn fuath,  
 Bho'n thug sinn buaidh orr' anns gach strì ;  
 Cha b'aobhar sin, 's cha b'eugas còir,  
 Gu'n claoillte sinn le fòirneart rìgh.”

## OLD MAN.

“A Chomhunnach, cha ghearan faoin,  
 A dh'aobhraicheadh dhomh féin na deòir ;  
 Ach 's gearr an oidheche fo do chleith,  
 Ma dh'aithrisear mo sgeul air chòir.”

## BOOK II.

## ARGUMENT.

The old man now begins to speak more earnestly. He denies being a Nether Lorn man, being a descendant of the Clan Cameron of Callart. Their family and the Glencoe people often intermarried; and then goes on to relate the story of Mary of Callart. Patrick, son of the Laird of Inverawe, had a dream about the house of Callart. Ewen, his valet, to whom he related his dream, found him in a sad mood at the foot of Ben Cruachan. The young man interpreted the dream; went and saddled a horse, and started for Callart. When at Lochereran side he espied a man, dressed in the Clan Cameron tartan, coming on horseback and in great haste. They met—Ewen saluted the rider, and in a few words the cause of the dream is known. The Callart young man's object was to tell young Inverawe that Mary was sadly left alone—her father, mother, sister, and five brothers having already died in a plague which broke out at Callart. Donald More, the young man from Callart, returned home, and Ewen to his young master to tell his sad intelligence, on the receipt of which young Patrick manned his barge, and went to the rescue of the yellow-haired maid. He arrived at the still hour of midnight, and cautiously passed the guard which was set to prevent the Callart people from escaping in fear of contagion; met Donald More, who conveyed him to the window where he used to speak to Mary. Patrick's voice is heard, and affectionate expressions ensue. Mary left her dress in the house of plague, and enwrapped herself in Patrick's plaid. He conveys her to the boat, and, after bathing in the sea, she dresses herself in a garment provided for Patrick by one of his sisters for the occasion. Donald More, who was the father of the teller of the story, followed them in the barge, which concludes the Second book.

## OLD MAN.

“ Cha'n Earraghàlach a th'ann am' fèin,  
 'S cha Chaimbeulach mo threubh na's mò :  
 Bu mhi-fhortan bhò thùs gu crìch,  
 A chuir mi riamh a thigh'm 'nan còir :  
 Bu choimhearsnaich 's bu chàirdean sin.  
 Thu fèin, mi fhèin, 's ar sinnsrean riamh ;  
 'S e Callart aobhach ceann mo shluaigh,  
 'Tha thall gu tuath air Gleann nam Fiamh.

Nach aobhach e le maise nna ?  
 San linne sheimh a dreach a chi :<sup>8</sup>  
 A's còmhnuidh t'uaill-sa gruamach thall,  
 Is àirde stac, 's is badach frìth  
 Nach ioma maighdean 'thug sibh dhuinn  
 'S cho lintha maighdean fhuair 'nan àit' ?  
 'S nach 'eil ar mairbh air feadh a chéil',  
 A'n eilein eadaruinn air sàil' ? ”

## GOODMAN.

“Ach ciod an seachran thàinig ort ?  
 Cha 'n ann aig Oisein a mhàin tha bron :  
 Chi mi ann an deur-chlais t'aodainn,  
 Gu bheil tuillidh 's aois 'ga d' leòn.”

## OLD MAN.

“ Is sgenla sin a's fhiù a luaidh,  
 'S an t-aobhar 's cruaidh r'a chur an céill.  
 Bu charaid m'athair féin do 'n triath.  
 D'a chomhairlean thug riamh e géill.  
 Bu maighdean mhaiseach Màiri bhàn,  
 'S cha tug i gaol gun ghaol d'a chionn—  
 Do Mhac 'Le Dhonnachaidh Inbher-àth',  
 Oigfhear àluinn 'thoill a rùn.<sup>9</sup>  
 Air maduinn earraich bha leis féin,  
 An t-uasal treun gu dubhach trom :  
 A smaoin air ainm a' chùil bhàin,  
 'S air aisling a dhùisg pràmh 'na chom.  
 Bha 'chùl ri Cruachan gorm gu 'bàrr,  
 'S gu seimh bha Atha 'ruith r'a bhonn ;  
 'Ga sgàileadh, darag nan seachd linn,  
 'S cha dùisgeadh ceòl na frìthe 'fhonn.  
 Ach shéid an stoc a chuim a' bhuird,  
 'S cha chuata Pàdruig donn an fhuaim :

Tha fear le cabhaig 'n measg nan craobh,  
 Bu luath a cheum 's bu chaoin a dhuan.  
 Thàinig e gu 'mhaighistir òg :—  
 'S bha 'ghnùis bha daomnan ait fo sgleò,  
 A's labhair e mar fhreagradh dha,  
 Ach dh'fhiosraich e—'D e fàth a blròin ?

*Patrick, or Young Inverare, speaks.*

“ Fàth mo blròin ma dh'iarrar leat,  
 Cha ghoir thu 'n ceart uair mi gu biadh,  
 Ach suidh maraon rium air an fheur,  
 A's gheibh thu 'n sgeula gearr na dh'iarr :—  
 Nach cuimhne leat an Oighrean bhàn,  
 Is tric 'ghabh sràid leinn 'n measg nan craobh :  
 Mò phiuthar romhainn, 's uair 'nar déigh,  
 Mur biodh a leannan féin r'a taobh.”

*Ewen, the cat, speaks.*

“ Cò dha nach cuimhne 'n Ainmhir òg !  
 A damns', a ceòl, 's a dreach faraon  
 'S cò ris bha dùil a's sùil an t-sluaigh,  
 Gu'm biodh gu luath sibh féin mar aon ! ”

*Inverare relates his dream.*

“ B'e sin mo dhùil-sa, 's b'e mo mhiann :  
 Ach bluhair mo bhruadar mi an raoir :  
 Oir, chummaic mi mar neul ro luath,  
 'S a dhreach du'-ghruamach mar an oidheh'—  
 A' luidhe sìos air Callard gorm,  
 A's chualas torman sluaigh ri caoidh :  
 Bha Màiri bhàn, 's gu'm bìard a glaoth,  
 Gu 'meadhoin mach troi' h-uinneig àird :  
 A gruag a' luasgadh anns a' ghaoith,  
 'S a sùilean 'snàmh a'n deuraibh cràidh.”



*Eren.*

“ An cead dhomh dol a chum an talla ?  
 Do mhàthair 's tathair 'feitheamh riut :  
 A's tillidh mi air m'ais gu luath,  
 M'a dh'fhaoilt' gu fuasgladh a thoirt duit ? ”  
 Ruith e, 's dh'innis e do chàch,  
 “ Tha Pàdrùig òg gu h-àrd a' sealg : ”  
 A's bheartaich e a steud gum dàil,  
 'S gum fhios aig càch gu'n robh e 'falbh.  
 Troimh chraobhan 's phreas a' gearradh leum,  
 Gu Pàdrùig 'teachd 's a shùilean làn :  
 “ Tha nì neo-cheart mu d' chàirdean fèin,  
 Ach 's bròn a's beud do Mhàiri bhàin.”  
 Thar Caol-Mhie-Crìmhain fhuair e 'n steud,  
 'S gum bhriseadh leum 'dol troimh 'n Bhlàr-chòran.  
 Troimh Ghleann-salach 's taobh Loch-crèran,  
 Gum chasadh sréin' e fèin g' a dhìon.  
 Ach chummaic e troimh Bhàr-nan-muc,  
 Air feadh nan lub, nan tuil, 's nan dìg  
 Neach a'n cabhaig mar e fèin,—  
 “ Is neach le sgeul e so air chinnt.”  
 Ciod is dreach d'a bhreacan sgaoilte  
 Chi mi taobh na gréin' dheth dearg :  
 Is Callardach 'tha'n so air chinnt,  
 'S tha'n aisling làn fhìor gu dearbh !

## MEETING OF THE TWO VALETS.

*A Short Dialogue.*

“ O ! Thir a-traich an steud :  
 An cruaidh na'n ait do sgeul nach fhaoin ?  
 Cia as ? no cean a tha do thriall ?  
 Mu'm freagair an t-aon sgeul gach aon.”  
 “ A Callard do dh'Inbher-àtha.”  
 “ A Inbher-àtha tha mis' air teachd.”

"Cia mar dhàg thu sluagh 'an Callard;  
 A's Màiri bhàn a's àillidh cleachd?"  
 "Bha ise slàn 'n nair dh'fhàg mis' i,  
 Ach 's duilich innseadh bheil i 'n trà-s':  
 Oir bhris a' phlàigh 'mach san tigh mhòr,  
 'S fhuair 'chuid a's mò dhiubh cheana bàs.  
 Till 's thoir fios air so do d' mhaigh'stir,  
 A's tilleamsa gu m' bhaintighearn féin:  
 'S gu bheil fair' air 'chur gach làmh,  
 'S nach fhaic e Màiri bhàn 'na dhéigh."

## OLD MAN.

Thug na fir an cùl r'a chéil,  
 'S bha m' athair féin gu beachd fo leòn.  
 A's 'mair a chuala 'n t-oighre 'n sgeul,  
 Cha tug e géill do mhend a bhròin:  
 Ach thagh e 'dhaoine 's 'eathar féin,  
 A's cuid do éideadh 'pheathar òig':  
 A's ghluais an eathar gu'n fhios 'dé 'n taobh,  
 Ach réir 's mar sheòl an laoch na seòid.  
 Dh'iarr na fearaibh bu gheal léintean,  
 Iorram glensaidh bho'n bhragh'd-rànhaich';  
 Ach fonn ciùil cha robh air Pàdruig:  
 Tuim a' gairich 's ruic a' rànaich.  
 Bu dorcha 'n oidliche 'n Caol-Mhic-Phàdruig:  
 'S lionadh làidir 'g a cur luath:  
 Lasair thein' air Rutha Chàrnais.  
 'S feachd ro làidir air mu'n cuairt:  
 Eagal luchd na plàigh a sgaoileadh.  
 A's teine 's daoim' air aghaidh 'mhàim:-  
 Dh'innis Pàdruig nis an ionnsuidh,  
 A's phaisg na suim gu dhù na ràmh.  
 Sgaoil iad siùil ri crannaibh caola,  
 Mu'n chuinnte farum fuaim nan ràmh:

'S ghléidh iad dlù ri Baile-Chaolais,  
 'M bheil dream bha daomhan 'n tìs a bhlaib.  
 Tha cilein Mhunga air an eil,—  
 An linne Làobhainn chiùin a' suaimh,  
 Ceann-uidhe e nan ioma saoi,  
 'S am bheil mo dhàimhich uile 'n tàmh.  
 Tha Gleann-a-Comhunn air an deis,  
 Ach thrus an oidhch' i féin 'na ghlaic :  
 Tha 'm bàta nis a' dol gu tuath,  
 'S cha chluinnear guth na duan bho'n fheachd  
 Ghabh iad dìreach gu Port-Eachainn,  
 Tha neach an sin a' teachd gu tràigh :  
 " Ho ló ! am bàt " ars' m'athair féin,  
 " Cìas tha feachd na Feinn' an tràs' ? "  
 " An tus' tha sin a Dhòmhnuill Mhòir ! "  
 Ars' Eoghan òg a's caoine guth.  
 " Is mi, 's cha b'earbs' á gillan faoin,  
 'Nuair shaoil mi dhiotsa gnìomh an diugh."  
 Chaidh Pàdruig, Eoghan, 's m'athair féin,  
 Ceum air cheum a dh'ionnsuidh 'n talla,  
 'S gach còmhla, 's dorus glaiste suas—  
 Gruaim a's uamhas fad a' bhaile.  
 Dhùich Pàdruig suas air fàradh,  
 Gu h-nìmeig àrd na h-aimmhir òig :  
 Bhual e 'n nìmeag, 's thàinig Màiri,  
 'S cha b'fhàilt mar b' àbhaist doibh le pòig.

*Mary of Callart speaks.*

" 'N tu tha sin a Dhòmhnuill Mhòir ?  
 Nach gòrach thu bhì 'tigh'nn cho tric ;  
 Tha iad uile nis 's an t-siorruidheachd,  
 'S gu 'n còmhmadh Dia mi féin an nochd."  
 Labhair i mar so le bìireadh,  
 'S bho 'sùilean bhrùchd mar thuil na deòir,  
 Dh'fhàlaich i a gnùis 'na lannan,  
 'Tha còmhdaichte le 'ciabhan òir.

"Tingaim, tingaim, O a Mháiri !  
 Fág an talla, 's thig gu luath :"  
 "O mo ghaol ! cha mhi nach d'aithnich,  
 Nach b'fhear mo mheallaidh fear mo luaidh.  
 Dh'fhág i 'h-aodach anns an talla,  
 Dh'fhág i 'h-athair, dh'fhág i 'máthair ;  
 Cóigneas bhráithrean a's a piuthar,  
 S lean i Pádrúig donn fo ámhghar.  
 Thug e i gu taobh a' chladaich,  
 Ann 'na bhreacan daite lom :  
 'S an déigh a faragadh san t-saile,  
 Ghluais am báta dh'iomairt thoma.  
 'S ní 'n robh m'athair féin air 'fhágáil,  
 Ach lean e 'charaid bha fo león :  
 'S na'm bu mhaireann buan do Phádrúig,  
 Cha bhíodh éiríam oim d' ar lón.  
 Chuala luchd na faire 'm báta,  
 'S tháinig iad a chum an talla :  
 'S chuir iad e 'na smúid sna speuran,  
 A lasair 'g éirídh thar a' bhaile.  
 So an t-aobhar a thug dhomhsa,  
 A bhí 'm fhógarrach gun charaid :  
 Cha dean Gúmhúich neach dhíubh féin diom,  
 'S mo chardean féin cha dean iad m'fharraid.<sup>10</sup>

## BOOK III.

## ARGUMENT.

The goodman asketh the old soldier to relate how Patrick fell in the battle fought between Argyle and Montrose at Inverlochy, in the year 1646; and how the brave warrior, although wounded, was allowed to retain his escaping soul till he died in the arms of his beloved wife—He was buried within the ground of the Priory of Ardehattan. Mary often came to weep over the grave, and her sweet and plaintive voice often reached the ear of the Prior, who, observing her, and being moved by her beauty and her song, proposed marriage. Mary, being left alone in the world—deprived of all relations, and her very father-in-law avoiding the way of her house—she consented. On the marriage eve, while all were joyous and merry, she looked out of the window of her closet, and seeing the bed of her former lover covered by a wreath of snow, she could not bear the idea of being wedded to another; she rose, sung her song, which is still preserved, and died. “The harp from her hand had fallen, and her soul departed in the song.”—This concludes the Third Book.

*The GOODMAN, addressing his GUEST, desires him to relate how the brave Patrick fell.*

“Ach thuirt thu nach robh ‘n gaisgeach buan.”

Ars’ fear an tighe, “nach luath dhuit sgar:

Innis cia mar nis a dh’èirich,

Oir dhà-chuimhnich mi ‘n sgeul gu tur.”

## OLD MAN.

“An ùine ghearr bha Inbher-lòchaidh,

‘S cha b’ann d’a dheòin chaidh Pàdrraig am;

Ach Earraghàel mòr an èirt,

Bha aige ùghd’ras os a cheann.

‘Nuair dh’aom na slòigh an coimneann chéil’.

Mar thuil nan tairneanach o ‘n bheimn;

Bu lìomhor com gun cheann air làr.

‘S bu lìomhor sàr a bha ‘na theinn:—

Bha Pàdruig a's a chùl r'a dhaoim',  
 A's e 'g an glaothaich as a dhéigh ;  
 Ach fhuair e beum an taobh a' chinn,  
 A's 'fhuil 'na still cha tilleadh léigh.  
 Thuit an laoch an tìs an là,  
 A's ghiùlaineadh e beò le 'shluagh ;  
 E 'gleidheadh le mòr strì an deò,  
 Gus am faiceadh e bean òg a luaidh.  
 An Cille-chatain<sup>11</sup> ghabh e 'thàmh,  
 'S bu tric ann Màiri bhàn na truaigh'.  
 Rì taobh grianach an tigh mhóir,  
 Thaomadh i a bròn air 'naigh.  
 Ach thug am Priothair dhi fa'near,  
 A's ghabh e beachd oirr' nair na dha ;  
 'Cò i so baintighearn òg na truaigh'  
 A chì mi 'm measg nan uaigh'n gach là' !  
 Air osaig fhamm bu tric gu 'chluais,  
 Bha luaidh a cridhe le guth caoin ;  
 'S binn fonn a' chridhe th'air a lot,  
 Mar eala tréigtl' air lochan faoin.

#### MARY'S LAMENT FOR HER HUSBAND.

FOON :--

*O! hoirionn ó ho, o hoirionn eile ;  
 Gur a mis' th'air mo sgaradh,  
 Thu bhí d' laidhe fa'n deile.*

Tha mi 'n dingh gun fhear tighe,  
 Mi gun athair gun mhàthair ;  
 Mi gun bhràthair, gun phiuthar,  
 Na gun charaid a' m' àmhghar ;  
 'S mise bean a' chruaidh fhortain,  
 'Caoidh mo dhosguim an sàmheair ;  
 O! nach robh mi san uaigh leat,  
 'S cha bhiodh fuachd orm lannh riut.

O! hoirionn ó ho, &c.

Làmh gun iochd rinn do bhuaidh—  
 C'nuim' san nair nach robh sgàth air?  
 Nach tug urram ga d' choltas  
 'Nuair a lot e le fath thu.—  
 Cha b'è cothrom na Feinne,  
 Mo chreach léiridh ! a bha ann ;  
 No cha bhiodh tu 'n diughosal,  
 'Fhìr nach dìobradh do chàirdean.

O ! hoirionn ó ho, &c.

Thaom an fhuil as do leth-cheann,  
 Cha b'è teicheadh bh'air t'aire ;  
 Ach air thoiseach do dhaoine,  
 'Nuair a dh'aom iad a' d' charann ;  
 'S iad mo chàirdean nach saoilinn,  
 'Rinn mo ghaol uam a sgaradh ;  
 Thuit thu 'n coimeann na tuaidhe,  
 Mar chraoibh buailt' thum a gearraidh.

O ! hoirionn ó ho, &c.

Och nan och ! 's e fo'n talamh,  
 Cullaidh m'aigheir 's mo sholas ;  
 'S fuar mo ghaol fo na clachan,  
 Ach cha'n fhairich e dolas :  
 'S geàrr a dh'fhàgadh thu agam,  
 Bruadar maidne mo dhòchas ;  
 Ged is fhada bho 'n uair sin,  
 'N tàs a fhuair mi ort eòlas.

O ! hoirionn ó ho, &c.

Goirdear dhionnsa nis tuillidh,  
 Bean nan iomadaidh truaighe,  
 O ! nach robh mi le m' chàirdean,  
 Fo na càrnaibh san luaidhe :  
 Nach do thuit mi sa' bhlàr leat.  
 Fo lot bàsmhor na cruaidhe ;  
 'S gheibhinn cadal gu socair,  
 'N leabaidh thosdach na h-uighe.

O ! hoirionn ó ho, &c.

Ach rinn an Priothair dhith a bhean,  
 'S thug ise dha le gean a làmh :—  
 Bha ceòl a's othail san tigh mhòr,  
 A's Màiri òg mar ghréin a 'snàmh :  
 Na neòil ag aomadh os a ceann,  
 Fo uallach trom a cridhe 'cnàmh,  
 Ach nair a bhriseadh oirre neul,  
 'S cha b'fhiosrach càch air meud a pràimh.  
 Ach eulaidh iongatais an sgeòil,  
 'S mar thàrlas neònachas do chuid :  
 Ma's ann gu sonas na gu bròn,  
 Do Mhàiri òg a crann a thuit—  
 'N leaba-bhainns' bhi 'dol a laidhe,  
 'S dlùth do'n bhalla air an taobh mach :  
 Bha fear a ritin 's e fuar fo'n fhòl,  
 'S le nuadh fhear-pòsd' bha ise steach.  
 Chaidh sud 'na h-anam mar ghath bàis.<sup>1</sup>  
 'Nuair thuiteas treun fo chràdh nan lann  
 'S a thogas e a cheann fo'n làr  
 A's breisleach a' bhàis 'na cheann  
 Air neo mar eala th'air a lot  
 A coimpiire 's a cheann fo'n tonn  
 Is anhluidh Màiri 'seinn a dàin  
 'S a h-anam snàmh e anns an fhonn.

# MARY'S SONG.

FOX :—*Hì-rì-rì-ò, hì-iù-rò-bhò,  
 'S na hù-rìu-ò, mo dhiubhail mhor,*

'Eudail a dh'fhearailh na dalach,  
 Thug thu mi à tigh na plàigheach :  
 Far an robh m'athair, mo mhàthair,  
 Mo phiuthar, a's mo chòighear bhràithrean.

O-hó, hì-rì-rì-ò, hì-iù-ro-bhò,  
 'S na hù-rìu-ò, mo dhiubhail mhor



Cha bhí mi ri'r n-uisce beatha,  
 Cha'n ól a bheag dheth gu latha ;  
 Tha poiteir m'fhiona-sa 'na laidhe,  
 Fo'n lie bhríe air cúl an tighe.

Hi-ri-riù-ó, &c.

Eudail a dh'fhearaibh na greine,  
 Thog thu tigh d'bonn 'n coille gheugan ;  
 Bu shuntach ann mo laidhe 's m'éirigh,  
 Cha b'ioglmadh súd, O ! b'ur mo chéile.

O-hó, iri-riù-ó, &c.

M' eudail, m'aighear, a's m'amsachd,  
 'S ann a' d' thigh nach biodh a' ghaimteir ;  
 Gheibhte síthionn ghlas nam beanntan,  
 'S na geala bhradain a bu reamhra.

Hi-ri-riù-ó, &c.

'N ioglmadh mise a bhí deurach,  
 'S minic a laidh 's trie a dh'éirich ;  
 Mo lámh a'm broilleach do léine,  
 'S mo gheala bhian ri d'chneas glé-ghéal.

O-hó, iri-riù-ó, &c.

Eudail a dh'fhearaibh na dlúm,  
 Cha leigeadh tu mí do dh'Ile ;<sup>13</sup>  
 'S tu nach maoitheadh orm an rionhadh,  
 Cha b'ionann a's am Priothair spiocach.

Hi-ri-riù-ó, &c.

Saoil nach mise th'air mo sgaradh,  
 Bhí 'dol le fear eile laidhe ;  
 A's m'fhear fhéin air cúl a' bhalla,  
 Sealgair nan damh donn 's nan aighean.

O-hó, iri-riù-ó, &c.

Saoil nach mise th'air mo sgaradh,  
 'S iona rud a rinn mí 'fhaicim ;  
 Chumna' mí bhí 'roim do bhreacam,  
 A' tie-dhleadh do ghunna glaice.

Hi-ri-riù-ó, &c.

Fhuair mi dusan ga d'chroth bainne,  
 'S ceud na dhà ga d' chaoraich gheala;  
 Ach ged fhuair cha'n fhada mhaireas,  
 Thèid mi leat gun dàil fo'n talamh.  
 O-hó, iri-riù-ó, &c.

Thèid mi ann mu'n odhraich t'anart,  
 Bidh mi leat a'n cùirt nan aingeal;  
 'S fheàrr bhì leat na 'n so air m'aineol,  
 'Fhìr bu chaoine guth na 'n caimeal.  
 Hi-ri-riù-ó, &c.

Thug thu ginidh air mo bhrògan,  
 Cuig dhuibh air mo bhreacan pòsaidh,  
 Cha d'fhuair mo leithid a bha beò e,  
 Saoil amb toghnadh mi bhì brònach.  
 O-hó, iri-riù-ó, &c.

'S a Mhic Dhonnachaidh Inbher-atha,  
 'S coimheach a ghabhas tu 'n rathad;  
 Bho'n tha Máiri Chamran romhad,  
 'S ò, a chaill mi riut mo ghnòthach.  
 Hi-ri-riù-ó, &c.

## BOOK IV.

## ARGUMENT.

The old man continues the story by relating that his father, being now left without protector or relatives, and as Duncanson of Inverawe was raising men for Argyle, the old man's father consented that the son should join the regiment. The first order they received was to march to Glencoe.—He refers to how Major Duncanson was taunted for wandering in a district which ought to have been well known to him; and explains that, not wishing to be in Glencoe till the massacre was over, rather than a want of knowledge of the country, was the cause of his taking the wrong road. When they arrived the work of destruction was at an end, and there was little left for them to do. Major Duncanson, seeing a woman with a child taking shelter by the shade of a rock, despatched the tale-teller to see whether the child was a male. On returning, he informed his commander that the child was only *a nasty girl*. The Goodman, on hearing this, cried aloud "Fear not! I am the child whose life you saved." The two embraced each other; the host's feelings of revenge were changed to gratitude; and the old soldier was assured of being well provided for during the remainder of his days.—This ends the story.

## OLD MAN.

" Dh'fhagadh m' athair nis gun charaid,  
 E gun athair na gun mhàthair;  
 E gun bhràthair na gun phlàthair,  
 'Ni a chuideachadh 'na àmhghar:  
 Bha Mac Dhonnachaidh 'togail dhaoine,  
 'S mise 'n ògan faoin gun eòlas:  
 Dh'aontaich m' athair mi dhol mar ris,  
 'S bha mi riannh o sin gun sòlas.  
 Ri dàbhlachd gearmhairbh fhuair sinn òrdugh,  
 Triall mar sheòbladh dhunim an t-slighe;  
 Thar Caol-Pheadruig 's ceam Loch-Lìobhann,  
 Bu clàm an t-slighe clàm ar n-uidhe:  
 Bha ar ceannard cearta còma,  
 Ged a bhiodh an e' lly seachad:

Seal mu'n ruigeadh e an t-àite,  
 Ged bha càch 'na dhéigh a 'fochaid—  
 Dol air seachran ann na dùthaich àraich !  
 'S na'm b'e Pàdruig bha 'na bhrògan.  
 Sheasadh e a dhream san uair ud—  
 O thusa ! bha san uair a' t-ògan.  
 Ràinig sinn fadheòigh Gleanncomhunn ;  
 'S O ! b'e 'n sealladh e san uair sinn :  
 Mnathan, clann, a's buar gun tighean—  
 'S is muladach an àithn' a fhuair sinn :  
 'Gach sean a's òg ma tha e firiom ;  
 Na caomhnaibh a's na gabhaibh truas diubh ;  
 Gach bò a's each nì sibh iomain ;  
 'S gach cruach a's mullan nì sibh gual diubh.  
 A'm fasgadh stac a bhac a' ghaillinn,  
 Bha òg-bhean 's a mac 'ga fhalach  
 Chuireadh mise dhol a shealltuinn,  
 'S gun mi 'n geall air dòrtadh 'fhala ;  
 Thog mi 'fhéileadh, 's thug mi briathran,  
 Nach robh ann ach biasd do chaile !  
 Sin na thachair orms' do bhuaireadh,  
 Fhad 's a bha mo chnairt sa' bhaile."

GOODMAN.

" 'S mise bha sin—Oh ! do bheatha ;  
 'S na biodh ceathach ort mu'n ògan,"—  
 Ars' fear an tighe le mòr ghlaodh ;  
 Is leum a's ghlac e'n t-aosd' g'a phògadh.  
 Cha robh gainne bìdh na aodaich,  
 Air an aosda ré a bheatha.

## NOTES.

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(1.) Eilean Bhaile-nan-Gobhann (Island of Smiths' Town) lies a little to the north-west of Dalintraid, the residence of the Glencoe man. Gobha or Gobhainn was originally a religious order, and this island has received its name from having been occupied by some celebrated smiths. Glasgow (*Glas ghobha*) and Govan (*Gobha binn*) are believed to have been derived from the same term. Every town or village had its smith shop as well as its church and burying ground; and it is worthy of remark that we have here Eilean Mhunga—the island of Saint Mungo, who was the patron saint of Glasgow.

(2.) Mac 'Ie Iain Mòr (the son of Mac Iain the Great), was the name by which Macdonald of Glencoe was generally known.

(3.) It is still a custom in the Highlands when one enters a dwelling that he invokes blessing on the house and family.

(4.) This refers to King William III.

(5.) The Earl of Argyle's Regiment was the 21st, a detachment of which was sent to execute the cruel massacre of Glencoe.

### THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

(6.) After William, Prince of Orange, dethroned his father-in-law, King James, in 1688, the state of the Highlands caused considerable anxiety to the new government; and it was at last resolved to lay out a sum of twelve thousand pounds, in conciliating the Jacobite chieftains. The agent entrusted with the distribution of this money was John Earl of Breadalbane, who has obtained an infamous notoriety in connection with this affair. The authority to Breadalbane to conduct the negotiation was dated 24th April, 1690; but at the close of the autumn of 1691, the chiefs had not come to terms. The advisers of the king, therefore, resolved to try the effect of threats, as well as bribes; and on the 27th of August, they issued a proclamation promising an indemnity to every Jacobite who should swear the oath of allegiance, in the presence of a civil magistrate, before the 1st of January, 1692, and threatening with fire and sword those who should hold out after that day. This proclamation was drawn up by the advice of Sir John Dalrymple (Secretary Stair); and it appears from his correspondence with Breadalbane, that he had the hope that a number of the chiefs would refuse to take the oath, and would thus afford the government a plea for inflicting on them the punishment of traitors. "God knows," said he in a letter to the earl, dated September, 1691, "whether the twelve thousand pounds had not been better employed to settle the Highlands or to ravage them; but since we will make them desperate, I think we should root them out before they can get that help they depend upon. Their doing after they got King James's allowance is worse than their obstinacy, for those who lay down arms at his command will take them up at his warrant."

It is believed that the chiefs received information of these hostile intentions of the government, and resolved to take the oath of allegiance. And before the 31st of December, it was found that Lochiel, Glengarry, Clanranald, Keppoch, and all the other chiefs, except one, had complied with the terms of the proclamation. The

only one of the Highland chiefs who neglected to take the oath was M'lain—as Macdonald of Glencoe was termed in the Highlands. At length, on the 31st day of December, 1801—the last day allowed by the proclamation—M'lain went, with the most considerable men of his clan, to Colonel Hill, Governor of Fort-William. The Colonel received him with all expressions of kindness; but not being a magistrate, he had no power to administer the oath to him. He advised M'lain to proceed to Inverary, and gave him a personal protection under his hand, together with a letter to the sheriff—Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinlass—entreating him to receive Glencoe, and to administer the oath to him. The sheriff at first hesitated to administer the oath, the time allowed by the proclamation being elapsed by one day; and alleging it would be of no use to him then to take it. But M'lain represented that it was not his fault, he had gone in time enough to Colonel Hill, not doubting but he could have administered the oath to him; and that upon his refusal he had made all the haste he could to Inverary; that he might have come in time enough, had not the extreme state of the weather hindered him; and even as it was he was but one day after the time appointed, and that it would be very unbecoming of the government to take advantage of his coming late by one day, especially when he had done his utmost to have come in time. Upon the entreaty of the old chief and his threatening to protest against the sheriff for the severity of this usage, Sir Colin administered to him and his attendants the oath. M'lain, depending upon the protection of the Government to which he had now sworn allegiance, went home, and lived quietly and peaceably till the day of his untimely death.

Glencoe is a narrow valley watered by the Coe, a river which falls into Lochleven, near the head of Loch Linnhe; and is remarkable for the wild and gloomy character of its scenery. The glen is divided into five farms—or, as they were in the days of King William, into the hamlets of Carnoch, Inverigan, Achanancon, Lekantym, and Achatriachadan—inhabited by upwards of two hundred persons. M'lain, the aged chief, was a man of a venerable and majestic aspect, and was held in great respect for his courage and sagacity.

On the 11th of January, the following warrant, signed and counter-signed by the King, with instructions from Secretary Stair, was sent to Fort-William:—

“William R. As for Maclan of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they  
 “can be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will  
 “be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that  
 “set of thieves.” “W. R.”

A detachment of a hundred and twenty men, belonging to the Earl of Argyll's regiment, lately levied, were selected to be the perpetrators of the massacre. On the 1st of February they marched to Glencoe, under the command of Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, whose niece was married to Alastair, the second son of M'lain, a connection which was no doubt taken into account as likely to lull the suspicion of the Glencoe men, and render them an easy prey. The inhabitants became alarmed at the appearance of the soldiers, and the eldest son of the chief, with some of his followers, went to meet them, and inquire if they came as friends or as enemies? The officers assured him that they had come with friendly intentions, and that they merely wanted quarters for a short time to relieve the over-crowded garrison at Fort-William. Upon his receiving their parole of honour

that they would do neither him nor his friends any harm, he welcomed them, promising them the best entertainment the place could afford. During the space of twelve days the soldiers lived at free quarters in the Glen, on terms of the greatest familiarity and friendship with the inhabitants. Captain Campbell took up his abode at Inverigan, and took every day his morning dram at the house of his niece and her husband; and all the officers spent a great part of their time with the chief and his family. Glenlyon, on the evening of the 12th, supped and played cards with the two sons of M'Inn; and he and his Lieutenant accepted an invitation to dine with the chief the next day, whilst he had the orders of which the following is a copy in his pocket:—

BALLACHOLIS, Feb. 12, 1692.

SIR,—You are hereby ordered to fall upon the Rebels, the Macdonalds of Glenco, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have special care that the Old Fox and his Sons do upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at five o'clock in the morning precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on. This is by the King's SPECIAL COMMAND, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants may be cut off root and branch. See that this be put in execution, without feud or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the King or Government, nor a man fit to carry a commission in the King's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

ROBERT DUNCANSON.

For their Majesties' Service,

To Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon.

BALLACHOLIS, Feb. 12, 1692.

SIR,—Per Second to the Commander-in-Chief, and my Colonel's orders to me, for putting in execution the service commanded against the Rebels in Glenco, wherein you, with the party of the Earl of Argyle's regiment under your command, are to be concerned; you are therefore forthwith to order your affairs so as that the several posts already assigned by you, be by you and your several detachments fallen in action with, precisely by five o'clock to-morrow morning, being Saturday; at which time I will endeavour the same with those appointed from this regiment for the other places. It will be most necessary you secure those avenues on the south side, that the Old Fox nor none of his Cubs get away. The orders are, that none be spared of the sword from seventy, nor the Government troubled with prisoners. This is all until I see you, from

Your humble Servant,

JAMES HAMILTON.

Please to order a guard to secure the Ferry, and the boats there; and the boats must be all on this side the Ferry after your men are over.

For their Majesties' Service,

For Major Robert Duncanson,  
of the Earl of Argyle's Regiment.

The soldiers had been stationed three to five in a house, according to the number of the family they were to assassinate, and had their orders given them secretly that same night. One of them asked out his host, and as his oath prevented him from divulging the secret, he turned his back to the Glencoe man, and addressed himself to a large stone at the end of the house in the following Gaelic words:—

“A chlach ghlas a tha sa' Ghleann,  
“Ge mor do choir air a bhi ann;  
“Na'm b'fhios duit an nochd mar thachras,  
“S einnteach nach fanadh tu ann.”

Thou, great stone in the Glen, though great is thy right to be in it; if thou hadst known to-night what is to happen, it is certain thou wouldst not remain in it.

The Glencoe man went immediately to acquaint M'Inn of what he heard. The chief sent his sons to try what they could discover; and they, well knowing the locality, went and hid themselves near to a sentinel's post, where—instead of one—they discovered eight or ten men. This made them more inquisitive, so they crept as near

as they could without being discovered, so near that they could hear one say to his comrade that he "Disliked the service in which they were engaged, and that had he known of it he would have been very unwilling to have come there"; adding that he "was willing to fight against the men of the Glen, but it was base to murder them." But his comrade answered, "All the blame be on on such as gave the orders—we are free, being bound to obey our officers." Upon hearing these words the young gentlemen retired as quickly and as quietly as they could towards the house to inform their father of what they had heard; but as they came near to it they found it surrounded, and heard guns discharged, and the people shrieking; whereupon, being unarmed, and totally unable to rescue their father, they fled for their lives.

Between four and five o'clock on the morning of the 13th February 1692, Lieutenant Lindsay and a party of soldiers went in a friendly manner to M'Lain's house. The chief got up instantly, and while in the act of dressing, and giving orders to his servants to bring refreshments for his visitors, he was shot dead, and fell into his lady's arms. She was stripped by the murderers of her husband—one of the ruffians tore the rings from her fingers with his teeth; and through the terror and grief of the bad usages she had met with, died next day. The Laird of Achatriachalan, a gentleman of more than ordinary judgment and understanding, who had submitted to the government, and had Colonel Hill's protection in his pocket—which he had got three months before—was also shot. His brother entreated that he might be put to death in the open air. "I will grant your request," said the officer, "for your bread which I have eaten." Macdonald was a bold and active man, and on reaching the door he suddenly threw his loose plaid over the faces of the soldiers who were ready to fire at him, rushed through the midst of them, and, favoured by the darkness and confusion, made his escape. A boy about eight years of age was murdered. He seeing what was done to others in the house with him, ran out, and espying Captain Campbell, grasped him about the legs, crying for mercy. Captain Campbell felt inclined to spare him; but an officer of the name of Drummond barbarously ran his sword through him.

Thirty-eight persons were put to death, and the most of them when they were asleep. And how dismal the case of the poor women and children must have been! It was lamentable past expression; their husbands, and fathers, and near relations were forced to flee for their lives; they themselves almost stripped and nothing left them, and their houses being burned, and not one house nearer than six miles; and to get there they were to pass over mountains, and wreaths of snow, in a violent storm, wherein the most of them perished through hunger and cold. The snow-storm, however, which must have proved fatal to so many of them, was the means of saving the remainder from destruction. A party of four hundred men—who should have come to the other end of the glen, and begun the like work there at the same hour—could not march that length before nine o'clock; and this afforded to many an opportunity of escaping. The houses were reduced to ashes; and the soldiers, having destroyed whatever could not be removed, collected the property of their victims, consisting of nine hundred cows and two hundred horses, besides a great many sheep and goats, and drove them to Fort-William, and there they were divided amongst the officers.



(7.) Glencoe—"Gleann-comhunn" is the valley of Conn. "Conn mac Dearg Mhíe Druibheil." *Darraig*, an oak, must have been the name, as they were of the Druids who derived their denomination from *Dr*, oak, *Suidh*, goodman, from their worshipping in woods, daraoidean. The author, after many years' researches, is confident that the deerhound is at the root of almost all the great Celtic surnames in Ireland, and in Scotland. The Records of the Four Masters give a little story in proof of this theory, but likely it is a concocted story, yet notwithstanding, the allusion in regard to it at such ancient times is a good evidence that the theory is well founded. There are two great names in Scotland who derived their title directly from the deerhound. 1st.—Conn, or Conn, chief of the MacConnalls. 2nd.—Cuals, from *Cu* (or *coo*) chief of the MacCuals. Macdonalds and Macdougals. There are others, such as Donnu-chu, brown hound (Duncansons). Banchu, or Banko (of the Camerons.) Iarnad 'o Chuinn, descendants from Conn—Campbells. *Du-ghlas*, Douglasses, should be Cuglas—greyhound. The Annals of Ireland above related to, state that all their O'Connals, O'Connars, and all their great clans derived their pedigree from the weak son of a king who became so fond of a favourite hound that he was ever after called after the dog. Macpherson, of Ossian, states peremptorily that the royal race of Ireland went from Glenetive (Gleann-elide,) to Ireland. *Connall*, or descendant of "Conn" was an acknowledged king of the district of Appin, the author supposes. Connal flourishes in the history of Ireland as well as in Ossian's poems. *Cu-chulain*,—a whelp hound, was "Cuchullainn," King of Innisfail. The Awe, the Etive, and Cruachan, are ever mentioned in connection with the above kings, in Irish story, proofs which were not known during the Ossianic controversy. At least, if these proofs were known to Dr. Johnston, he would be glad to learn them. Fingal, or Finnn, father of Ossian, means likely, a fawn, a young deer. *Ossein* (Os-bhan,) white deer of the period. Oscar, his son, *Os-ghaothar*—deer-scenting hound. From these, and a thousand other observations that could be produced, it is not strange to call Glencoe, valley of the hound, or of Conn.

(8.) Before the invention of mirrors the people's only reflector was the limpid pool.

(9.) The Clan Donachie (Duncanson) are a sept of the Macdonald. It is supposed that these respective names are derived from the colour of their hair or eyes, "dom cheann," "dom shùil." The Macdonachies were a powerful clan, but having allied themselves to the Campbells, and hence to the Kings at all times, they became attached to royalty and avoided many of the strifes in which the other clans were often engaged. Some of the Macdonachies changed their name to Robertson, but Inverawe ever kept his ancient name. The romantic estate which was the inheritance of this family is at the foot of lofty Ben Cruachan—Loch Awe on one side and Loch Etive on the other—whilst the beautiful river Awe flows past the mansion house. It is now the property of Alexander Campbell, Esq., of Monzie.

(10.) There is a story current in the district in connection with this poem which is likely, at least in part, to be true. Cameron, the Laird of Callart, had two sons, who were sent to France to finish their education, as it was customary to send young gentlemen from the Highlands in those days. When coming home from the continent, the vessel conveying them dropped anchor at the entrance to

Corran Ferry, and intelligence of their arrival was sent to the father, who dispatched a young man—some say, an illegitimate son—to meet them. This youth was made much of at home in the absence of the sons; and thinking if they were out of the way that he would have every chance of succeeding to the estate, conceived the wicked idea of killing the two brothers. In leading them home he decoyed them into a thicket at the west end of Cùileheana point, still known as *Glae-nam-màrsh* (hollow of the dead); there he killed them, went home, and told the father that the story of the arrival of the sons was untrue. But he, suspecting that all was not right, ordered search to be made; and the dead bodies of the two sons were found in the wood. The Laird of Callart was advanced in years when his sons were thus cruelly murdered by Angus, their unnatural half brother; and although fully convinced of the young man's guilt, he failed to bring him to justice—preferring, though an illegitimate son, that he would succeed him than that the inheritance should go to a more distant relative.

Soon after this Cameron of Callart died; and his nephew, Cameron of Lundavra, and father of Mary, claimed the estate, succeeded, and frustrated the views of young Angus. But neither did the new proprietor avenge the blood of the murdered young men; and the plague which broke out at Callart house afterwards, and which carried off father, mother, daughter, and five sons, was believed by the people of the district to be a just retribution for allowing the murderer to escape unpunished. In those days Highlanders imported large quantities of dye-stuffs for their Tartans, and on this occasion Cameron of Callart, and other gentlemen, ordered cases of scarlet dyes from Sweden—from which goods, it is supposed, the infection arose. Mary was the only member of the family who escaped the contagion. But had she not been carried off by Patrick Duncanson of Inverawe, it is questionable but she would have fallen a victim to the plague like the rest of the family. She was accounted the most beautiful, accomplished, and generous-hearted young lady in that part of the country in her day. Her poetic powers must have also been of a superior order: her only remaining song, herein given, is as fine a production as any in the Gaelic language. She was proverbial for her kindness and liberality; and never saw man or woman in distress but she would like to succour. Indeed, her greatest happiness seemed to be running in that direction. Her father, being tired of her too generous disposition, tried once a scheme to put a check to it, but he found it to be quite ineffectual. He told her to leave the house, and learn by experience whether she could find others to do to herself as she did to many. Mary dressed herself, and left for her uncle's house at Lundavra. The weather being very cold, and when crossing the hill, she met a poor ill-clad woman; and taking compassion on her, as was her wont, she divided her plaid into two, and gave the poor woman the one half of it. The road to the Ferry being near Callart House, the woman was seen by some of the inmates, who identified Mary's plaid, suspected it was not come at by honest means, and brought the poor woman before the Laird, to give account of how she came to be in possession of the plaid. On being questioned, she informed them that she met a young lady on the road, and, as the day was cold, she insisted upon her taking the half of her plaid. The father, on hearing this, sent at once after Mary, and never afterwards remonstrated with her for her generosity, but allowed her her own way.

(11.) The Priory of Ardehatten was partly of a religious and partly of a civil order. In the unsettled state of the country all valuable papers were entrusted to the Prior, as it was well known that the Highlanders in their strifes never destroyed any property within religious edifices.

(12.) Patrick's grave was immediately at the back of the house ; and no wonder though Mary was pierced to the heart at seeing the grave of him who so gallantly rescued her from the house of plague, and loved her so well.

(13.) Mary had an uncle residing in the island of Islay

Patrick would not allow Mary to go to Islay, where her uncle was. The cause was, three brothers, sons of Callart were among the Royalists in 1715. One went to Islay (the family of Laphfroag), one to Arran (of whom there is no account), the third to Jura (of whom the author is a descendant), and who returned soon after.

Islay.—Etymology of the name. The author, being once asked to give his opinion of the etymology of Islay, stated as follows: (it was through the public press)—*I*, ee in English, is an island ; *le* or *leth*, is half. *E leth* is island of two halves. The same was the opinion of the late Mr William Livingstone, the poet. He called it *I nan leth* (island of two halves). It will take a good practical ear to mark the grammatical connection between the two parts of the word. Tigh-arm,—example. The author found the ancient name of Islay from Ossian, as follows:—

" Cìod an fàdh bhi 'g ndal eadain,  
Is I naine nan geobha erom  
'Sgaoileadh a sgèith 'n ar coimneimh.  
'Gar dìomadh o'n doimein.  
Tha e eom mar bhogh' a'f ghleus,  
Tha e sèimh mar uchd mo ghaoil.  
Caitheamaid an oiche fodh 'sgèith.  
Ait' aoibhinn na'n aislin eadain."

#### ENGLISH

" Why should we thus be tossed at sea,  
When lieth close upon our lee  
The green isle of curved bays,  
With wings extended either ways  
To shield us from the dusky storm:  
'Tis bended like a bow in form;  
And quiet as my beloved's breast.  
In pleasant dreams shall be our rest.

The poem begins with—

" 'An I Crom nan ioma eamh,  
Tha farrum lann is fuaim nan sleagh."

I Crom, or Crom I, was the ancient name of Islay, and Bownmore also derived its name from the above verse.

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